

The
1916

WAR·CRY

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM



MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH

LOYALTY TO THE KING!

—BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF—

(See Page 15)

AS ONE CONTEMPLATES this great and terrible war, the various countries involved and the vast armies engaged, there are certain things which with striking persistence emerge from the crash and confusion of the struggle. We see displays of courage, endurance, sacrifice, and patriotism. And, not least among the qualities generally if not universally shown is loyalty to the Throne. Be it King or Kaiser, Prince or Czar, the one who stands for the headship of the State or Kingdom is the centre towards which flows streams of loyalty.

May I not take this as a parallel of our relationship to Christ, whose Throne is in the Heavens, but Whose Kingdom is being established in the earth? As Christmas returns, we travel in thought and spirit to Bethlehem; but our minds quickly leap from the Manger to the Throne and no carol more popularly expresses the sentiment of the hour than—

Hark! the Herald Angels sing:
"Glory to our new-born King!"

There is no distortion of vision when in the helpless Child we behold our King; no extravagance of language when we express ourselves in terms of deepest loyalty to His person and interests. Some of us look forward with eagerness to the time when the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdoms of our God and His Christ. But here and now Christ is our Lord; we are pledged to uphold His honour and glory; and at this Christmas season we should stimulate ourselves and each other to fresh demonstrations of loyalty to our King.

The dominating personality of our Lord was recognized even by the Magi, who came from far with costly gifts; they bowed before Him. Had the fore-knowledge of these wise men been equal to our after-knowledge, they would have joined in the glad declaration:—

Though poor be the chamber,
Come, let us adore;
For the Lord of Heaven hath to mortals given
Life for evermore!

The Child was not only to stand as the central figure of the Gospels, as the Son of Man and One unparalleled in human history, but as the Son of God in Whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

There are many ways in which the spirit of loyalty may be expressed. There will not only be a recognition of the Kingship of Christ, but the full and hearty submission to His royal Will. When I say that submission is a necessary element of loyalty, I do not mean the spirit of bondage or of fear; that is a poor kind of loyalty, neither acceptable to God nor man. But there must be a full loving loyalty from those who say they are His followers. The consecration which comes of the strong will and inflexible purpose is good so far as it goes, but it cannot be compared with the devotion of the sanctified heart which has learned the secrets of its Lord by the intimate fellowship of love.

In connection with a notable Durbar held in India a few years back, there was a great demonstration of loyalty to the King-Emperor. Princes, Maharajahs, and other rulers of subject States passed before the supreme Head of the Anglo-Indian Empire and made formal obsequies. It is said that one of the native rulers approached in a haughty manner, and on reaching the saluting point dropped his

walking-stick, making the act of stooping to recover it take the place of the formal bow which etiquette demanded, but which evidently for some reason or other he was unwilling to make. The act was a mere pretence, for though the man appeared to submit himself to the prescribed formality, there was no loyalty in it.

Now, the Heavenly King cannot be content with mere profession of submission. There must be no make-believe about it; nothing but the fullest surrender in the Will of God will suffice.

Loyalty to the King is also seen in the adoption of His purposes, with corresponding efforts to promote His interests. If loyalty be not practical in its expression, it is an empty sentiment, and counts for little in the King's Cause. We see abundant illustration of this in the present condition of the nations. Surely we can earnestly expect that the followers of Jesus Christ will equal in their service and sacrifice for Him what so many have done for earthly king and country!

There is, alas! so much unreality in the profession of attachment to Christ that one trembles for many who, in the Day of Judgment, will have but small practical proof of their loyalty to show.

I would also like to ask for a more daring assertion of loyal union with Christ on the part of all the subjects of His Kingdom. In the old times of national strife in England, certain individuals were designated by the phrase, "He is the King's man!" And such were usually not slow to respond to the challenge. Oh, that more than ever we could see and hear men boldly standing out and declaring, "I am Jesus Christ's man!" Why should our confession of faith and adherence be so frequently timid and half-hearted? The truly loyal man does not hesitate to declare himself.

A well-known public man—who recently visited the distant Dominions of the British Empire was surprised to find the national flag flying in back-country districts amidst a sparse population. He imagined that this was up in honor of his visit, but on making inquiries was promptly told that nobody knew or cared about that! "The flag," said the local informant, "is to show what nation we belong to!" To the traveller's remark that there were very few people passing that way who would see it, the prompt reply was given, "Then we look at it to remind ourselves!" Those who belong to Jesus Christ would do well to make more open proclamation as to "Whose they are and Whom they serve."

The true spirit of loyalty, I would point out finally, is not the outcome of a sense of duty, but springs from a supreme affection. With thousands to-day the love of King and country is no mere phrase, and they make good their profession. Our Divine King may rightly expect a loving loyalty from those who say they are His followers. The consecration which comes of the strong will and inflexible purpose is good so far as it goes, but it cannot be compared with the devotion of the sanctified heart which has learned the secrets of its Lord by the intimate fellowship of love.

There never was One so truly worthy of personal love and devotion as our Heavenly King. His dying love for us, so ill-deserved, surpasses all human love; and our loyalty is inspired by the deepest sentiment of our souls: "We love Him because He first loved us!"



THE WAR CRY EDITORIAL COMMENT



GLEAMS OF LIGHT

A GAIN HAS COME THE SEASON when we celebrate the advent of the Prince of Peace, and while Salvationists and others will at this season sing of "On earth peace and good-will toward men," nevertheless of the twenty-five great countries that form Christendom, no fewer than eighteen will be engaged in the most destructive, cruel, and barbarous war that the world has ever known. What a terrible reflection it all is! Still—in the homely language of the British soldier as he returns to the trenches after a vision on leave to his home and loved ones—we, the followers of Christ, the Prince of Peace, shall yet in word and deed "reign where'er the sun doth his successive journeys run"; that war will end, and the present conflict will go a long way towards preventing another. We think there is every reason to believe that not only are the thoughtful of the earth turning their minds more and more in the direction of spiritual things, but that the man in the trenches has also become less Godless and more concerned about eternal matters. Adjutant Penfold, one of our Chaplain-Captains, now labouring close up to the men in the trenches and the firing line, whilst at the base, had, as part of his duties, the censoring of letters. He says:—

"I am quite surprised at the number of those who, in some form or other, bring religion into their letters, and the manner in which it is done attests to the sincerity of the writers."

Adjutant Mary Booth, in her interesting book, "With the B. E. F. in France," makes this significant statement:—

"I am more than ever sure that the religious instinct, the need of a God to worship and love, which has been dormant in many a man's soul, is often suddenly awakened when he is face to face with hardships, suffering, and death. As a man told me, a shell which killed five of his mates and left him with only a few scratches made him pray as he had never prayed before. Another one, who lost his leg and lay four days in a pool of blood before he was rescued, has not since missed a night without committing himself to God. Oh, that the Lord may help us to take hold of the opportunities, and while men's thoughts and minds are turned to God, may we help them to find Him."

Again, Mr. Arthur E. Copping, a London journalist of considerable repute, writes thus in a preface to Adjutant Mary Booth's book:—

"Probably never before in the history of the world were there such enormous assemblies of men with thoughts turned so definitely God-ward. Death is ever near to them—they are conscious of its destiny here and between this world and the next. The reality of eternity grows upon their minds as of infinitely more account than the shadow of time. In which facts we may find a compensation for, perhaps an explanation of, the war."

"Who knows? 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform,' so let us all do our duty to God, our King, and to mankind; and out of this welter of strife and 'strife' God may bring circumstances to pass that shall mightily hasten the time when shall prevail:—

THE CHRIST CHILD

OUR COVER DESIGN embodies the heads of the Infant Saviour and His Mother, as painted by Raphael, who lived four hundred years ago, and was styled the Prince of Painters. This picture is known as the "Sistine Madonna," and is said to be the greatest and most deservedly popular of all this great master's altar pieces, and the finest conception of the Virgin Mother painted by man. Be that as it may, the picture, as it hangs in Dresden, is undoubtedly beautiful in design and execution. Raphael dedicated his great talent to sacred art—to the beautification of buildings for the worship of God. Not to many has such talent been entrusted, but it has been made possible for all of us to dedicate our lives to the service of Jesus, and to beautify human existence by words and deeds that will glorify our Saviour to a much greater extent than painted canvases can do. Reader, have you yet said:—

"My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach Thy word,
And let me to Thy glory live."

SALVATION ARMY PROGRESS

"WHAT WILL BECOME OF YOUR Army, now that the Great Chief is dead?" said a prejudiced white-man to one of our Native Officers in Zululand, when the news of the death of the Founder of the Army had penetrated to the distant frontiers of civilisation. There is no

doubt that many friends and well-wishers of the Movement nearer home had a lurking fear that all would not be well with the Organization when the outstanding gifts and capacity of its Founder would no longer be available—when that mighty heart and brain would be for ever still; when the inspiration of his presence would be gone. That such fears have been groundless is shown by the progress of The Army in certain vital aspects during the last four years of the lifetime of the Founder, and the first four years' leadership of the present General. The increase is four and a half per cent, and sixteen per cent, respectively. This gratifying progress is attributable to two things—a manifestation of God's blessing to encourage and stimulate The Army at a memorable time in its history; and a demonstration, by increased zeal and labours, of the great love for, and confidence in, the new General that is experienced by his Officers and Soldiers. This is not only comforting to General and Mrs. Booth, but is gratifying to all who appreciate the work that is done by The Salvation Army for the glory of God and the uplift of humanity. May God cause the old chariot to roll on yet faster.

A SOCIOLOGICAL EXPERT

MRS. BOOTH, whose portrait in colours forms our frontispiece, is an active coadjutress to The General in his Leadership of The Army. Not only in the public side, where her gifts of speech have rendered distinguished service to God and the Organization, but in the Councils, her strong understanding, sound judgment, and wide knowledge, enable her, in a consultative capacity, to exercise considerable influence. In an Organization where womanhood enters so largely as in The Salvation Army, it is easy to see that the mind and voice of a superior woman is a valuable factor. And Mrs. Booth holds a distinguished record in The Army organization. Mrs. Booth has also been accredited by Government Departments and Royal Commissions as an expert on many matters connected with Social Reform. And, by means of evidence before such Commissions, by lectures before intellectual and representative bodies, and by articles in the press, has evinced knowledge and understanding of some of the most difficult problems set before civilized countries.

Mrs. Booth visited Toronto for the Annual Congress in 1911, and the memory of her charming personality, and the spiritual power, and enlightening character of her eloquent addresses, is still fresh amongst those privileged to be present at that Congress.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF

OWING TO THE EXIGENCIES incident to a large edition, vast distances, and fine art printing, these notes were written prior to the visit of Commissioner Howard (the Second in Command of The Salvation Army) to the Dominion of Canada in the early part of November. A sketch portrait in colour of him appears in this issue. At the time of writing it has been arranged for the Territories of Canada East and West at Toronto and Winnipeg. And considerable expectation concerning these gatherings is prevalent throughout the Dominion. The term "Empire-builders," as applied to British and colonial statesmen, is familiar and expressive. Commissioner Howard is one of the master-builders of The Salvation Army, having occupied leading positions in the Organization for thirty-five years out of its half-century of existence. Two years after The Army Flag was unfurled in Australasia, the Commissioner was sent to take command of The Army's Work under the Southern Cross; and the splendid success that has attended The Army's operations in Australia and New Zealand is largely due to the wisdom and enterprise with which The Army was operated in those early days. Similar success has attended his administration of the great appointments he has since filled. He was appointed Chief of the Staff in 1912. The duties of the Chief of the Staff include, in addition to public work, oversight, under The General, of the entire Army, and responsibility for knowing and representing its position and needs, the control of International Headquarters, the working of its various departments, and the appointment of the Staff.

OUR SOCIAL SERVICE LEGION

IT WILL BE SEEN by the story of "A Tragedy of the Trenches" that not all the sadness of war is contained in the newspaper casualty lists. There are tragedies experienced by soldiers, their wives, and their children that never find their way into print. They are known, however, to the workers of the Social Service Legion, a phase of Salvation Army activity that has been brought into existence by the great war. The objects of the Legion are to comfort the bereaved ones in their sorrow, and, whenever

possible, to render the wives of soldiers material assistance, such as writing letters, or advising them with respect to their allowances, ministering to them in their sickness, helping them with the children; in fact, doing anything and everything that is possible to comfort and assist the wives and children of those who are fighting for their country. That these ministrations are appreciated, letters received abundantly show. Here are a couple of extracts:—

"Dear Friends,—Will you please accept our heartfelt thanks for your kind letter of sympathy in our double bereavement. [Two sons were killed in action. —Ed.] It has been a hard blow to us, but when our friends share our sorrow with us it makes our trouble more easy to bear. It is hard to realize that they both are gone, and taken from us without a last farewell; but we must look forward to our Heavenly Home, and there meet our loved ones who have gone before. We believe that our Heavenly Father must have had some purpose to remove from our family circle two loved ones. Again thanking you for your kind words of comfort."

"Dear Friends,—Please accept our sincere thanks for your sweet and comforting words in this our time of great trial. Thank God for such dear friends. Yours in sorrow."

CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR THE POOR

PERHAPS THERE IS NO ORGANIZATION that is so familiar with the necessities of the poor as The Salvation Army. The long experience of its Officers, the close contact with the needy of many of the poorer members of the Movement, with the fact that The Army has local organizations, all afford reliable sources of information concerning those who are truly in need, which render Salvation Army workers the most effective, perhaps, of all the public's almoners on behalf of the poor. In fact, our people have experience that is unique in prosecuting this work, and we are anxious to see those in need by undertaking to distribute the Christmas Cheer and Winter Relief of the generous. Will you make The Salvation Army your almoner? The Salvation Army places its Officers, Workers, Halls, and Organization at the service of rich and poor, and the money sent will be administered with the greatest efficiency and economy. Full test investigations will be made and gifts will be disbursed in any town and amongst any class mentioned. The following are among those on whose behalf The Army earnestly appeals:—

Families whose bread-winner is out of work through illness, among whom poverty and misery prevail.

Children whose Christmas has been saddened by loss of parents and other relatives through death.

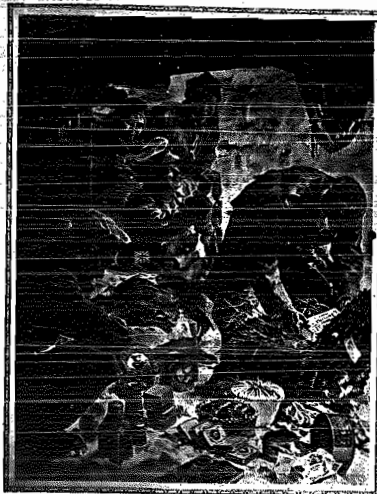
Homeless men who frequent our Industrial Institutions and Shelters.

Orphans in our Children's Homes, and the families of destitute parents.

For the general charitable work of The Salvation Army.

Donations for any of the above objects should be sent to The Salvation Army, James and Albert Streets, Toronto; or, The Salvation Army, Confederation Life Building, Winnipeg.

May we urge our readers to remember the poor at this festive season, for whatever circumstances the war may have brought into being in this country, we may be sure of the fact that the poor are with us.



The Christmas Hamper from Home

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

WE SHOULD LIKE to call attention to the New Serial Story that commences in this issue. As a narrative of human interest, it will prove absorbing, and will be found inspiring to a Godly life. In our last Christmas issue we began a serial story, and amongst the numerous letters we received expressing appreciation of the same, was one from a Newfoundland reader, who said:—

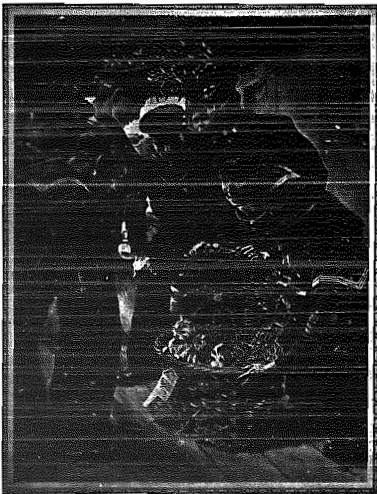
"I was very much interested in that beautiful story than ran through 'The War Cry' recently, entitled 'A Vagrant's Vagaries,' and hope that 'Jack Rogers' will soon be a serial story, and write another such thrilling tale for the readers of the paper to enjoy."

Well, the story of "A Maltese Romance" is by the same author, and will prove to be of equal interest to the "Vagaries of a Vagrant." We invite all to read the opening chapters in this issue, and then get next week's "War Cry."

"WITH THE B.E.F."

ELSWHERE WE HAVE TAKEN freely from the contents of a little booklet from the pen of Adjutant Mary Booth, entitled "With the B. E. F. (British Expeditionary Force) in France." The author says concerning the form of the contents: "Written in odd moments, often on scraps of paper, and in many strange places, they make no pretence of literary merit or to be a connected or complete record." Nevertheless, the "Notes" themselves form a series of brilliant thumb-nail sketches that reveal, in a striking manner, conditions which prevail in the war zone in France. As might be imagined from one who is a Salvationist and whose principal field of labour is the hospital, much of the contents

deal with the spiritual and human side of those who are fighting their country's battles. Some of the parts are inexpressibly tender and pathetic. The London "Punch" is avowedly a humorous journal; nevertheless, some of the most tender and poignantly pathetic poems and prose in the English language have appeared in its pages: Hood's "Song of the Shirt," to wit. It is therefore not surprising to know that some of the paragraphs from Adjutant Booth's book have been quoted in "Punch." It contains also some very interesting photographs, and all who desire information concerning the tender side of the boys at the front and their work, also the character of The Army's operations among the khaki-clad, should write The Salvation Army Trade Departments at Toronto and Winnipeg for it. The following paragraphs are touching: "In the snowward a mask asked me to take the gun off his face, in order that he might see me. His sister is a Salvationist. 'She looks just like you, Sister,' he said. He is quite paralyzed. I stroked his poor hands for his sister's sake, but he has no feeling in them. I shall send her a line."



The Battleship's Present

A TRAGEDY OF THE TRENCHES

HOW THE SALVATION ARMY CARED FOR THE SIX ORPHAN CHILDREN OF A CANADIAN SOLDIER "KILLED IN ACTION"

SOME time in February, 1916, a letter was received at Territorial Headquarters from a Canadian soldier at the front, of which the following extracts will be sufficient for our purposes. This is what he wrote:—

"I have to-day just received the notice of my wife's death, and I went at once to my major to get his advice what to do. He said I must go to the Salvation Army. So I went to-night and saw Mrs. Ensign Hepworth and got her to write you. . . . My wife received a separation allowance from the Canadian Government of twenty dollars, and I signed over fifteen dollars a month to her for my pay. She also received so much a month for each child. . . . It is my wish that the Salvation Army look after my six children, and use the money for that purpose. If you can do anything for me I hope you will do it, and for the best of all concerned."

The letter was handed over to Mrs. Brigadier Green, the Secretary of the Social Service Legion, who immediately took steps to carry out the father's wishes. A week or so later she was able to write to him as follows:—

"We have received your letter with reference to the wife's death, and are pleased to be able to tell you that we have taken up the case, and shall be happy to do all within our power to help you in any way."

"Our Officer at — has seen the children, and after five days who he will be glad to take each. One of our Officers is going over to arrange about the children going to these people and will get each person that takes a child to agree in form to the effect that upon your arrival the child shall be returned to you."

"We will write you again later with full particulars, names, and addresses of the different people with whom the children have been living. In the meantime be assured that we are doing our best for them."

This good news evidently brought much relief to the anxious father, as a warm letter of thanks was received in reply.

Now, as to the placing of the children. We will quote from the actual report sent in by Mrs. Brigadier Green to the Chief Secretary. She says:—

"I went to — on Friday, calling first on the Methodist Minister and explaining my business. He was very kind. He asked me to billet there, and then took me to a business gentleman. I explained the case, and, after consultation with his wife, they decided to take the youngest boy. I spent the whole of Saturday in interviewing people and getting places for the remaining children. A mill-owner took the second eldest, a girl of eleven. This gentleman is the Superintendent of the Sunday School, and they are a very beautiful family."

"A rich farmer took the other girl, who is nine years of age. His wife is an exceptionally good woman, and gladly signed the form, promising to send the girl to Sunday School and bring her up in the right way. Another farmer, whose daughter is the organist of the church, took the eldest boy, who is ten years of age. He is a beautiful home for the boy, and he will be all right there. The youngest boy was taken by some good Methodist folks, who will bring him up in the right way."

"I then went to see the grandfather of these children. He thanked the Salvation Army a thousand times for all our work to get his grandchildren fixed-up so well. The eldest girl (aged thirteen) is in our care, and an aunt has taken

the baby (age three). So you will see that the whole family is settled."

It was with a thankful heart that Mrs. Green went to the railway station on Saturday night to meet Mrs. Adjutant Tyndall and four of the children. A most pathetic little group they formed as they gathered on the platform—motherless and their father away at the front. All their belongings were packed in two small valises.

Taking them into the waiting-room, Mrs. Green talked to them for a few minutes, telling them that now mamma was in Heaven and their daddy was fighting for King and country; they must try their best to please the kind people who were going to take care of them. "Above all," she concluded, "you must love and serve Jesus and be good boys and girls for His sake, Who died to save us all."

Then they all knelt down, and Mrs. Green prayed that God would bless them and keep them from all evil, and help them to grow up Christian men and women. The good people who had

to expect. Her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, papa, have come to tell me he is dead!" she cried. "Yes," said Mrs. Green, "he is dead—killed in action; but I trust his soul is in Heaven." Then she prayed with the little children, and comforted her with much loving sympathy and advice.

The other children were visited in turn. Naturally, they did not realize to such an extent as the eldest that they were being separated from Mrs. Green, who had been with them since they were born. They were glad to report that the eldest girl, since being in the Army's care, has got soundly converted, and has joined the Life-Saving Guards. She cherishes, as a memento of her father's heroic sacrifice for his country, the following little printed note, which Mrs. Green has had framed for her:—

"The King commands me to assure you of the true sympathy of His Majesty and the Queen in your sorrow."
"W. W. ASQUITH."

"I have never given anything to the Army before," said a tradesman's wife who lives in the vicinity, and has followed the whole case with great interest. "It is the sort of thing which I shall have my heartiest support in the future."

The workers of the Social Service Legion, both in the East and West Canadian Territories, are doing a splendid work in comforting the bereaved and helping those who need assistance. The Federal, Provincial, and Civil Government and patriotic societies are doing a great deal for the friends and dependants of those in khaki, but they cannot do all—the sympathetic, human, and personal touch must be supplied by others.

"THE WOODEN CROSS"

Of the many honours England gives to those who fight for her, none stands apart. He who receives it dies yet lives on in England's heart. Bestowed on all alike, bondman or free, it is the greatest tribute England can give.

There "killed in action" clear for all to see, the legend runs.

A rude-cut emblem for the noble dead, a silent witness to her army's loss.

England sets up above each warrior's head the wooden cross.

promised to look after the children were also present at this little meeting and were much comforted by it. They took the little ones to their new homes feeling that they were following the good example of their father's command to care for the orphans.

On May 24th another grim tragedy came into the lives of the four children. Their father was killed in the trenches, just at midnight. The sad news reached Mrs. Brigadier Green a little later in a letter from the officer commanding the Battalion, who wished her to convey his deep sympathy to the bereaved children.

Mrs. Green broke the news first to the eldest girl. She found her jubilant over just having received a letter from her father, in which he urged her to be a good girl and do his bidding.

"I have some news for you about your papa," said Mrs. Green, and the sad expression in her voice must have warned the girl what she was to expect.

"Oh, papa, have come to tell me he is dead!" she cried. "Yes," said Mrs. Green, "he is dead—killed in action; but I trust his soul is in Heaven." Then she prayed with the little children, and comforted her with much loving sympathy and advice.

The other children were visited in turn. Naturally, they did not realize to such an extent as the eldest that they were being separated from Mrs. Green, who had been with them since they were born. They were glad to report that the eldest girl, since being in the Army's care, has got soundly converted, and has joined the Life-Saving Guards. She cherishes, as a memento of her father's heroic sacrifice for his country, the following little printed note, which Mrs. Green has had framed for her:—

"The King commands me to assure you of the true sympathy of His Majesty and the Queen in your sorrow."
"W. W. ASQUITH."

"I have never given anything to the Army before," said a tradesman's wife who lives in the vicinity, and has followed the whole case with great interest. "It is the sort of thing which I shall have my heartiest support in the future."

The workers of the Social Service Legion, both in the East and West Canadian Territories, are doing a splendid work in comforting the bereaved and helping those who need assistance. The Federal, Provincial, and Civil Government and patriotic societies are doing a great deal for the friends and dependants of those in khaki, but they cannot do all—the sympathetic, human, and personal touch must be supplied by others.

THE CANADIAN SOLDIERS

BY HAROLD BEGGIE



Infantry soldier—Hall

THAT evening we had the acquaintance of an Englishman on the evening of the day he was killed. He was strolled, at his suggestion, through the garden and out into the moonlight to visit a neighbouring panel of the road, in which was being celebrated the festival of Mohurram. Our presence in the group of Mussulmans occasioned some curiosity, but the Englishman, in a lounging figure in white, with a fez on his black head, rose hurriedly to greet us with a smiling courtesy, and we were conducted to the chief seats in front of the garish, pandal and offered cigarettes and cigars. This pandal, which had a kind of altar or shrine at the back, before which food was placed for the prophet, was decorated with tinsel stars, Japanese lanterns, paper flags of various colours, and branches of palm.

It was a scene most picturesque and Asian. The ground in front of the pandal was occupied by squatting figures in various coloured dresses and turbans and loin cloths; a large Punch and Judy box faced us in the distance, occupied by two men with a little girl in the centre, motionless and whitened. Men dressed as women and animals danced and joked and clowning in the little space immediately before our chairs. At every ten minutes or so, some of the crowd, motionless and the whole company broke into a nasal drone which deepened the ears and made discord of peace and mind.

ELECTED FOR INIQUITY

From first to last this religious festival was pungent and suggestive, everything turning upon symbolism. Certain things were done, and written, but on the whole the immorality was rather that of corrupted children than the abhorrent falsity of depraved minds. It was rather a jaded thing that they did and said. Again and again I found myself regarding the people as children, and in their simple, smiling faces, the almost listless character of their attention, I saw that one should not judge them as men before whom a choice has been presented and who have elected for iniquity. They were leaving the tom-tom, singing their songs, and dancing their wriggling dances till three o'clock in the morning.

I have mentioned this trivial incident as a contrast to what follows, as a contrast should bring home to the least imaginative of readers the immense difference between the mind of Christ and the mind of Asia.

On the day following our arrival in Travindrum we were invited by Fakir Singh (Commissioner Booth-Tucker) to attend an afternoon meeting in the compound of The Salvation Army's Girls' School, where another and far larger pandal had been set up, but for a very different purpose. Of all the sights I saw in India, this was one that made the most instant impression. When we arrived, we found the trees surrounding the sun-flooded compound filled in all their branches with men and boys; the great space of the compound in front of the pandal itself occupied by a dense multitude of men and women; the pandal itself filled from end to end with boys and girls; and the veranda of the school packed with high-caste natives, officers of the Army, and European residents interested in the amazing work the women were doing. It was one of the most striking congregations I have ever seen.

And all those squatting thousands on the ground surrounding the pandal, all those bird-like figures loading the trees, all that mass of black-faced and solemn-eyed human beings packed so tightly and sitting so patiently, had come into Travindrum from the hills and the plains, some of them twenty-five and thirty miles away to hear the story of that Divine Man, whose Personality has revolutionized



Infantry soldier—Hall

the other side of the world. They had brought their food with them; they had slept under the trees or in their bullock carts on the way, and to-night, after the long entertainment had come to an end, they were lying flat on their backs, resting on the ground where they were now sitting, and sleep till the dawn.

These villagers were in some cases the laity of The Salvation Army, in some cases inquirers, and in some cases women who had been persuaded to abandon their gods of terror and give themselves to a God perfectly pure, perfectly holy, and perfectly kind. They had been sought in their distant villages by Officers of The Army, and in a year at least many of them had gathered together to hear the Bible read and listen to the preachers of Christ.

HANDSOME, SMART BOYS

The first part of the afternoon's programme was given to the children. We heard the Boys' Band playing such music as tom-tom and bamboo-wood can never make—glad music, strong music, music to which men can march with their heads upright, a music made for the young and the vigorous. We heard them sing these boys any music we heard, and to teach them to play it so accurately and with such a swing in its joy—this is achievement of a notable kind. And the music had passed into the souls of the boys. Instead of slouching bodies, they stood upright and strong; instead of matted or twisted hair, their heads were as neat and brushed as a British soldier's; instead of scowling looks and heavy sensualism, their faces were bright with intelligence and glad with health. It seemed an illusion that these handsome and smart boys were the same as the ragged, shivering, and massed together in the dust of the compound.

We saw a company of girls in pretty frocks perform a drill with their coloured scarves. We heard them sing, and saw them dance. We saw them act. From beginning to end, only a little nervousness, marred the performance of these childish minds awaking to intelligence. The look of the soul and the soul of the face, so prompt and self-respecting, there was such understanding in their eyes and in the smiling curves of their lips, that one had constantly to remind oneself that these were the children of heathen villagers, so profoundly ignorant and so disastrously superstitious that they can almost be described as savages.

JESUS AND HUMANITY

But the first note of definite religious interest came when Fakir Singh, Commissioner for The Salvation Army in India, rose to address the multitude. He began by saying that everybody there had at least heard about Jesus, and that he knew what Jesus asked humanity to become, and that the One True God Who is the Father of humanity only asks His children to conquer their sin and to be children of God.

He said that Jesus was a beautiful Heaven. I watched the faces of the multitude. Heads were bent forward to hear, in all those thousands of eyes there was an intense interest. The Salvation Army had visited them in their houses, had held meetings in their villages, and had read them the New Testament, the story of Christ; but now they were actually to see with their eyes what hitherto they had heard with their ears.

In the evening the compound was more densely crowded than in the afternoon. At least five thousands of people were sitting on the ground under the stars, fathers, sons, mothers and daughters, brothers and sisters—a dense swarm of black-faced and almost naked human beings, with their eyes reflecting the moonlight and whose white turbans and loin cloths showed like the cerements of a

"Those hands of yours," said the Fakir, his eyes shining and his voice very quiet and earnest, "are prayers. Your Father sees them and understands them."

*For five shillings a month or thereabouts The Salvation Army can furnish a man in the centre of the multitude was an Officer of The Army with a magic lantern. When the lights were turned out, and the children of The Army, and felt how hard it was that the one should be blessed and the other cursed.

stands. He beholds your hearts—your hearts which are hidden from all the world. According to your sincerity He will answer your prayers, and He will bow our heads, and fold our hands, and pray to Him in silence." It was an utterly unforgettable sight. The faces which a moment before had been raised to the speaker—faces of men, many of them expressing a degree of savagery and wildness, and of suffering; faces of women strangely beautiful and yet marred by a frowning discontent or a heavy animosity—became suddenly bowed and hidden. The compound was filled with silence. Not a finger was moved. Not a robe stirred. The multitude was motionless. And the sun beat down through the trees on this field of humanity lifting its soul to God.

A FRIGHTFUL PENALTY

One realized at that moment how frightful is the penalty of sin, and how immediate the appeal of Christ to the human soul, and once definitely conscious of its misery. Many of these villagers who have hitherto followed their natural inclinations of their lives, who have ever felt the world to be a simple arena of life, and the universe filled with gods as lustful and bestial as themselves, who can live so easily and with so little trouble, who are surrounded by nature's most lovely manifestations, and enjoy a climate which is summer almost from year's end to year's end—are wretched and unhappy, are conscious of something wrong in life, are aware of something inexpressible and undefined which disquiets and hurts their hearts.

And immediately they hear the simple story of the Christ, they feel the sun shine into the darkness of their souls, and an answering response stirs in the depths of their hearts. They do not say, "Is it true? They do not dispute and contend. They set no casuistry of the mind between them and the great joy coming to them out of the new heavens. They only know that it is restful and sweet to lay the burden of their long misery at the feet of One Who is sinless, who is the Son of the Father, the Son of the Father, who is the Father of the universe. Person to be better, presents a goal which more really and worthily fills and widens the horizon of their lives than the labour of the fields; and that to contemplate God as a Father Who cares for them, and because He cares for them, is seeking to fit them for higher joys and purer heights of being than anything they can imagine or dream, makes of existence one stroke a rational and a glorious opportunity.

A CROWDED COMPOUND

These villagers had streamed into the town of Travindrum, not so much to see their children performing in the afternoon, as to hear in the evening once more, and this time in a new way, the story of Christ. Officers of The Salvation Army had visited them in their houses, had held meetings in their villages, and had read them the New Testament, the story of Christ; but now they were actually to see with their eyes what hitherto they had heard with their ears.

In the evening the compound was more densely crowded than in the afternoon. At least five thousands of people were sitting on the ground under the stars, fathers, sons, mothers and daughters, brothers and sisters—a dense swarm of black-faced and almost naked human beings, with their eyes reflecting the moonlight and whose white turbans and loin cloths showed like the cerements of a graveyard awakened to immortality. Only a few lamps were burning. The interior of the pandal was occupied at the back by a white sheet, and in the centre of the multitude was an Officer of The Army with a magic lantern. When the lights were turned out, and the children of The Army, and felt how hard it was that the one should be blessed and the other cursed.

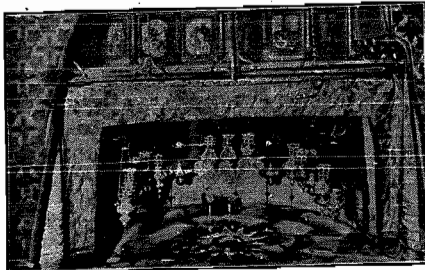


Infantry soldier—Hall

Captain Kimmins (Chaplain-Captain)

CHRIST THE ENNOBLER

BY THE EDITOR



The Silver Star on the Floor of the Grotto Indicates the Spot Where the Child Jesus Was Born

The badge of honour which most nations place upon the breast of the bravest of their brave takes the form of a Cross. France has its Cross of the Legion of Honour, Russia its Cross of St. George, Germany its Iron Cross, and Britain its Victoria Cross.

The most-covered decoration of the British soldier is the Victoria Cross, and happy is the private or the general who can add V. C. to his name.

In many of the outstanding cases the Victoria Cross has been won in the saving of life—not by taking it.

Speaking after the manner of men we know of nothing finer than a man with the Red Cross on his arm and the Victoria Cross on his breast. He has in deeds of mercy been conspicuous for valour.

This is how Christ has ennobled the Cross—the thing of suffering and shame has become the emblem of compassionate mercy and glorious heroism.

MAN ENNOBLED

Reader, don't shun the Cross: take it up, convert Christ in the camp, the factory, or the home. In the beginning, the Cross may press heavily on your shoulder—in the end it will gleam gloriously on your breast.

Christ ennobles man. Paul of Tarsus, persecutor of innocent men and women and followers of Christ, became converted, and of himself then said: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

Others, after his conversion, said of him: "Away with such a fellow from the earth; for it is not fit that he should live!" Eventually they beheld him.

But how is Paul of Tarsus regarded today?

In the heart of the greatest Empire that this round earth has ever known, upon a hill dominating street and river, stands a vast Christian cathedral pile, the glory of "Regions that Caesar never knew." In the crypt beneath its lofty dome lie England's mighty dead. Nelson, England's greatest admiral; Wellington, her greatest general, who never lost an English gun, and conquered Napoleon; and, last to be accorded the national honour of lying there, Earl Roberts, great soldier and great Christian, who died in France with the roaring of British guns in his ears, and a hope blooming in immortality in his soul.

Christ has so ennobled Paul of Tarsus—"Pestilent fellow; unfit to live!"—that this House of God, venerated throughout an Empire on which the sun never sets, is called by his name—St. Paul's Cathedral.

There are others! It was Christ who so ennobled William Booth, of humble birth, that when he lay dead, he was lamented by a world, and of him it was said: "A king among men, so long as the world counts service the badge of royalty, and achievement the metre of power,

and devotion to the least hopeful the rare mark of the noblest blood, the name of William Booth will be mentioned with honour."

What ennobled him? The service of the Christ he loved, and for Whom he laboured.

But there are millions of souls ennobled by Christ, whose deeds never appear in print, but whose noble unselfishness is recorded in the Book of Eternal Remembrance and engraved on the hearts of a few.

So far as is known, no posthumous D. C. M. or V. C. has been awarded that noble sailor whose ship was torpedoed in the North Sea, neither is it likely that "storied urn or animated bust" will tell to generations unborn of his nobility in the midst of darkness and the heaving sea. This is the story as outlined in the British "War Cry":—

"DEATH MEANS LIFE!"

"A sailor who had just got converted at the Sheerness Hall, when he rose from his knees at the Mercy Seat, with the joy of Salvation in his face, said, 'I'm glad to be saved. I was on — (one of the cruisers torpedoed) when she sank. I and another member of the crew, a Salvationist, had been swimming about in the water for two hours or more, and were almost exhausted, when, just as we were about to give up, we saw a piece of spar, made for it, and took hold. But alas! it was not big enough to keep hold. We looked at each other. For a time, one took hold while the other swam, and then we changed over."

"We kept this up for a bit, but it was evident we were getting weaker. Neither of us spoke for a while, and then presently the Salvationist said, 'Mate, death means life to me; you are not converted; you hold onto the spar and save yourself; I'll let go. Good-bye!'"

"And he let go and went down!"

Interesting confirmation of this touching story was forthcoming some weeks after, when a converted naval man on furlough from his ship visited a Salvation Army Corps in London, England, and, in giving his testimony, spoke of the incident, and said that when the survivor was rescued and taken on board the admiral's flagship, it was his (the speaker's) duty to enter into the log book his story of the Salvationist's noble heroism.

But nobility of soul is not alone shown in dramatic conditions on sea or land. There are heroes and heroines in the humdrum circumstances of daily life, who, by their faith, and love, and zeal for the honour of Christ, and the exercise of humanity to their fellows, have been lifted by Christ's power into a loftiness of thought and action as render them truly noble.

THE YOUNG BANDSMAN

What of the young Bandsman, the son of drunken parents, who, after considerable economy, had saved enough to pay for a new suit of Band uniform, and was looking with intense delight to the coming Sunday when the whole Band would come out in all the glory of their new garb. On Sunday morning his uniform was gone; his mother had pawned it for drink the night before; the youth, bitterly disappointed, was unable to go out that day. The father, drunken and infuriated at the deed, attempted to thrash the mother, but was prevented by the young man, whose eye was badly bruised in his endeavour to shield his mother from punishment; and who, when the Band Sergeant came around to see why he was not out with the Band, declined to give the reason for his (Concluded on Page 30)

OUR ILLUSTRATED SECTION



Copyright, and by courtesy of the "Ladies Home Journal"

"The Lord is My Shepherd" Twenty-third Psalm

MIDAS, fabled King of Phrygia, possessed the power of turning everything he touched into gold.

The Christianity of Christ ennobles everything upon which its influence is brought to bear.

At this season we celebrate the birth of Christ, and even the grotto or stable in which the Son of Man was born has, by reverent hands, been beautified by tapestry and marble, lamps and silver; while above it is reared a noble edifice—the Church and Convent of the Nativity.

Thus, this place, once the filthy abode of horses, mules, and camels, has, by the brief occupancy of the Infant Christ, become so invested with sacred memories and reverent regard that the good and great of the earth visit the place with feelings of solemn awe.

So far as material things are concerned, there is no more striking evidence of the transmutation of that which is base into that which is noble, than the change that has taken place in man's regard for the Cross.

Originally an instrument of torture, designed by the Romans in their most decadent days, the Cross was as ignominious in character as the gallows-tree, and cruel beyond words, and thus was reserved for murderous, thieving slaves and malefactors of the deepest dye. It was the emblem of shame, but Christ, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled—"He was numbered among the transgressors"—was also crucified on the Cross.

The Cross did not degrade Christ—He ennobled the Cross.

MERCY AND VALOUR

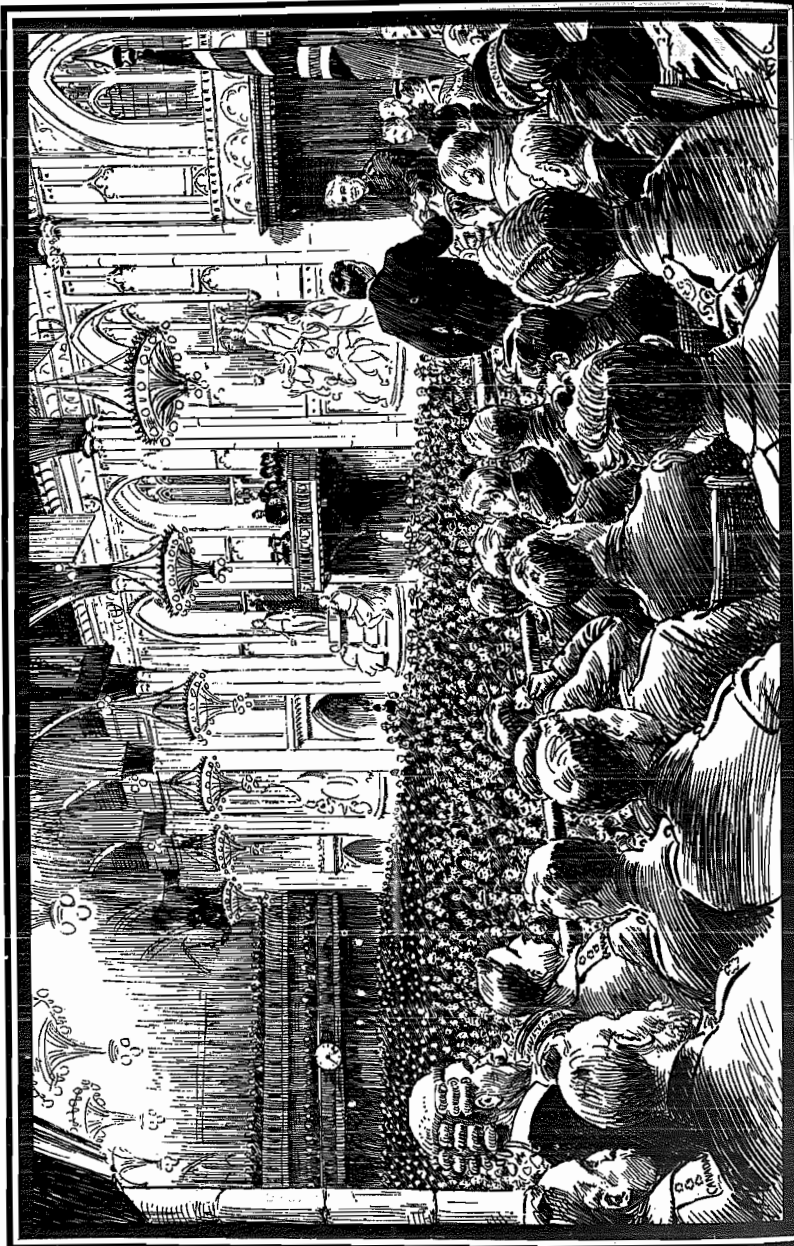
How does man regard the Cross in these days? At these dreadful times, when the sword and torch appear to be supreme, the qualities man seems to hold in the highest regard are Mercy and Valour.

The Cross has now become the emblem, the insignia, of these noble characteristics.

The Red Cross of Geneva among all civilized peoples—except those who, in these latter days, appear to have dethroned the meek and lowly Christ, and set over them Mars, the heathenish god of war—stands for compassion and humanity.

The battle rages! In that roaring, flaming, bloody inferno man rushes upon man with bomb and bayonet, intent to kill. Into that hell, let loose comes a wagon, no explosive shell-fire is directed upon that, no sniper's deadly rifle is aimed at those who accompany that; no horseman with blood-dripping sabre rides upon that!

Why? Because it bears upon its white tent the Red Cross, indicating that its mission is not belligerency, but mercy—mercy to friend and foe alike.



This striking drawing depicts the scene in London's ancient Guildhall, when The General publicly dedicated the gift of the Christmas tree to the Canadian Salvatians and friends to our soldiers and sailors, who are sent the Red Cross Society's share of the gift.

CANADA'S GIFT TO RUSSIA

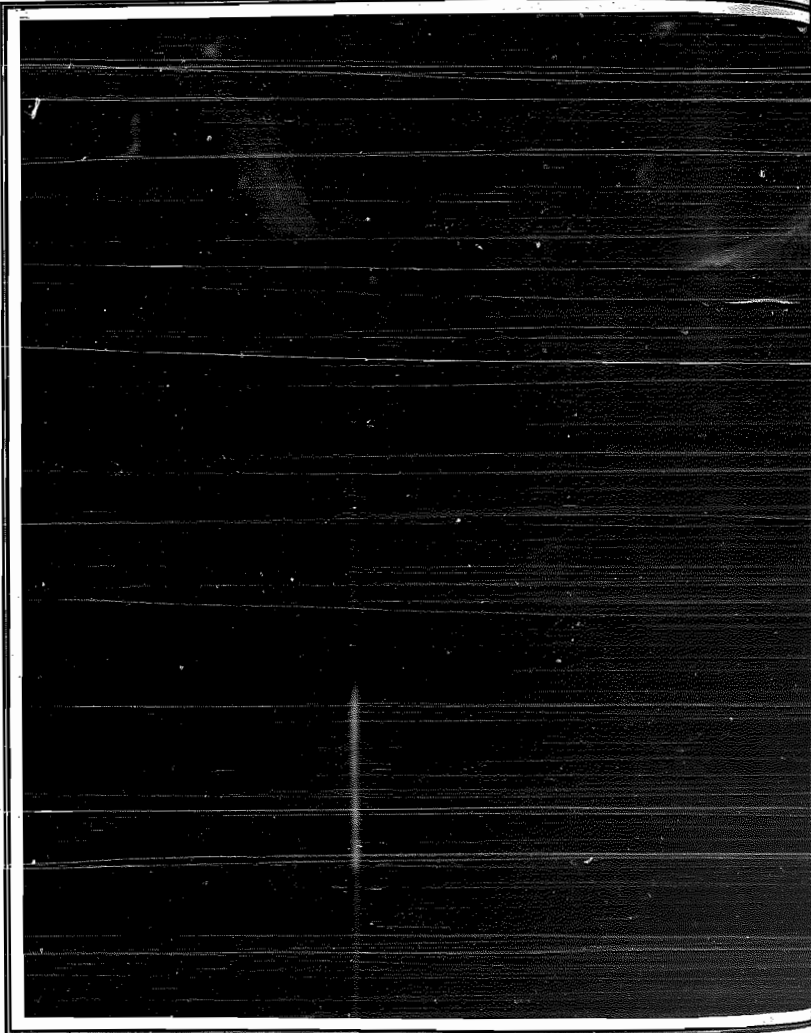
A FAMILY OF INTERNATIONAL OFFICERS



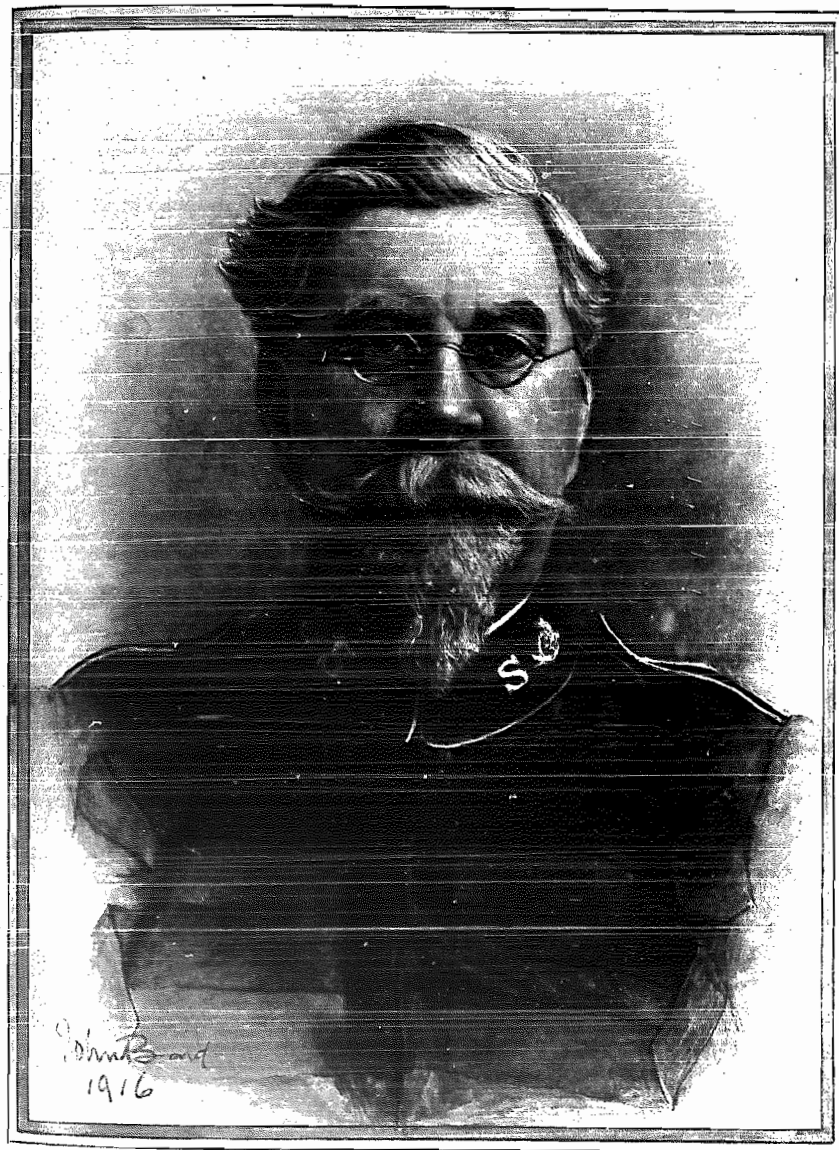
A STRIKING AND SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF DEVOTION TO THE SALVATION WAR

The above picture shows the family of Commissioner and Mrs. Richards of Canada East Territory and the location of the children. Major W. J. Richards is General Secretary in the Dutch East Indies; Ensign H. G. Richards is employed at the Life Insurance Department, International Headquarters, England; Staff-Captain Richards is at the Territorial Headquarters, Holland; Adjutant D. B. Richards is in the Headquarters, South America; Patrol Leader Carl Richards, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Staff-Captain Chard (only daughter) is with her husband in China. So far as we know, this family is unique in that practically all are Officers and scattered throughout the world.

THE CANADIAN CHRISTMAS



THE BATTLE BEHIND THE GUNS



THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF

T. Henry Howard, Commissioner, and Second in Command of The Salvation Army, has been an Officer for thirty-five years. He has, during that time, been appointed to many of The Army's high commands, including the Australasian Territory, the British Field, the International Training College, and the Foreign Office. He received his present appointment in 1912, and has the oversight, under The General, of the entire Army. All his children are Officers. The eldest is the Chief Secretary in Sweden. The youngest, Captain Harry Howard, died in India during the visit of Commissioner and Mrs. Howard to the Dominion of Canada in the month of October, 1908.



A HOPELESS DAWN

This well-known picture shows a scene of sorrow in a fishermen's cottage after a stormy night at sea. The grey dawn brings a woman's husband has survived the gale, and the two women has been depicted with wonderful skill. In scenes

this time, mothers and wives sorrow with a great sorrow for those who have on land and sea laid down their lives for their King and country. But those who know God "sorrow not as those who have no hope." Reader, dost thou know God? Let us all this Christmastide do what we can to cheer the disconsolate in all walks and stations of life.

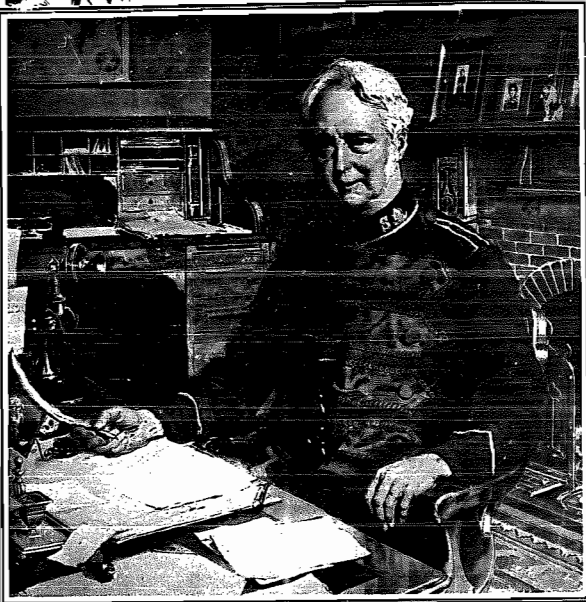
THE GENERAL AND THE SALVATION ARMY

THE YEAR 1916 has been characterized by two notable events—the sixtieth birthday of The General, and the fifty-first Anniversary of The Salvation Army. We take the opportunity afforded by the very large circulation of the Christmas "War Cry" to bring before The Army's numerous friends some information concerning The General, and a few facts and figures concerning the Organization which he controls with a sagacity and breadth of statesmanship unsurpassed at any period of The Army's

The General in his Study

existence. General W. Bramwell Booth, eldest son of the Founder of The Salvation Army, was born at Halifax (Eng.) March 8th, 1856. He was educated at the City of London School, and converted in one of his mother's own meetings; became an Officer when he was eighteen and was appointed Chief of the Staff at the age of twenty-four. This position he held till the death of the late General in 1912—thirty-two years.

On Aug. 21st, 1912, the day after the Founder's death, at a meeting at the International Headquarters, attended by all The Salvation Army Commissioners in London, the envelope containing The General's appointment of his successor was produced by The Army's solicitors, endorsed in The General's own writing, and still sealed. Upon being opened, a document within, dated Aug. 21st, 1890, was found, appointing the



The General Seated at Work in his Office at International Headquarters

faction. I could, without qualification, adopt as my own each of these tributes to The General's devotion, ability, and self-sacrificing service, but much that I personally feel about him would even then remain unsaid. Since 1880, when I first met The General at Nottingham, I have been in intimate association with him, and thank God for all that it has meant to me during these many years. I find it impossible even to indicate the depth of my affection, the warmth of my admiration of his life and work, and the strength of my loyal confidence in his Leadership."

Commander Eva Booth, of the United States, with a loving sister's pardonable pride in her stately brother, writes as to the impression The General's appearance produced on the impressionable New Yorkers. She says: "He looks the part."

"It was a thrilling moment when the great crowd of Salvationists awaiting The General's arrival at the Grand Central Station from an impressive Campaign at Chicago, heaved a sigh of relief as the noted figure stepped before them. On first appearances he had not disappointed them. 'I like your looks,' were his trenchant, opening words, and as though commissioned to voice the unanimous response of the mighty throng gathered there, a man's stentorian tones rang through the great concourse, and echoed across its artificial star-studded sky: 'We like yours, General!' The characteristics of his physique, which captivated them, were his height—America likes big men, so the remark of one in the crowd, 'You bet there's plenty of him, and it's all General,' struck a responsive chord—his military bearing. (See Page 23)



The General Rises to Make an Address

Chief of the Staff—William Bramwell Booth—to succeed him. Just twenty-two years after it was written, to the very day.

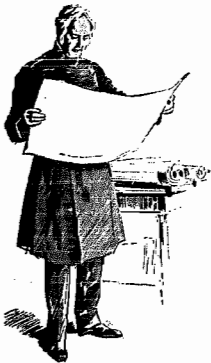
The present General's acceptance of the leadership of The Army was received with enthusiastic acclamation by the rank and file all the world over. And on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday—four years later—"The Officer" Magazine published a symposium of appreciations by representative leaders which equally well expresses the feelings of the rank and file, who are, in the language of the day, "doing their bit" on every part of The Army's battle lines.

From these literary X-ray photographs we take the following extracts:—

The Chief of the Staff, in a foreword to the symposium, says: "I have read the following contributions with the greatest satisfaction."

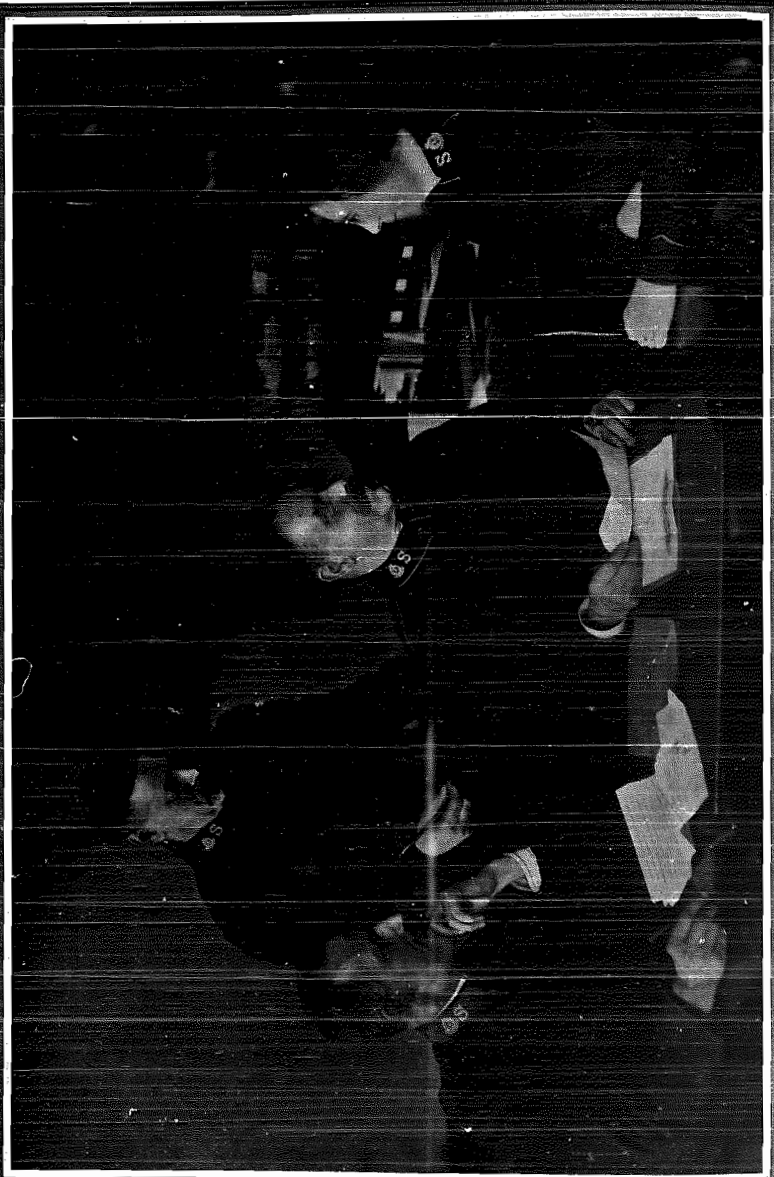


Studying the Map of the World



Looking Over Plans in his Office

In one battery of the Royal Field Artillery there were six Salvationists, who became much exercised about the Salvation of their mates. One night a week, when duty permitted, they formed their little ring and sang and testified to the power of God to save them from sin. At first some scoffed, and some stood afar off, but finally they drew nearer, and would join in singing the old songs—'Rock of Ages,' etc. One cold, dark night, the big guns were booming and the shells were constantly exploding near by, the faithful six pleaded with their mates to turn to Christ. Regardless of the cold, some of the Salvationists laid their greatcoats on the ground, upon which they invited their companions to kneel and seek the Saviour. Three of the men knelt in submission to the Great Captain of their Salvation, Who was present in Spirit. This is the moment that has been selected by our artist for his picture. Salvationists have manfully stood by the colours in the great world war, and their influence for good has been generally recognized by the authorities.



THE GENERAL AND THE SALVATION ARMY

(Continued from Page 18)

"His remarkable face; the eye of a dreamer, and the mouth of a man of men," commented one. "I looked into his face, and saw the great man behind the great rank," said another."

Each of the writers describe qualities in The General that most appeal to them, and consequently we have a well-rounded portrait by a collaboration of experts. In view of this it is not surprising that The Salvation Army's great Apostle to the Hindus (Commissioner Booth-Tucker) heads his contribution "Our Missiopyary Moses."

The aspect of The General's work and character which most appeals to those of his Officers who are working in Missionary Fields is his keen interest in this section of The Army's Work and his comprehensive grasp of its needs and possibilities. Indeed, one might easily imagine that he had spent a great part of his life amongst the one thousand millions who constitute the non-Christian populations of the world."

Commissioner E. J. Higgins, the British Commissioner, has the distinction, like his Leader, of being the second of a dynasty; that is to say, his late father was also a Commissioner. He writes of The General "as son and second in command." He says:—

"If the man who successfully rules must first learn to serve, then our General certainly has added rights to his position, for no man more faithfully or loyally served than did he, during all those years of our Founder's Generalship. It was this side of The General's character and service that so strongly appealed to me."

Commissioner Adelaide Cox, who has charge of the Women's Social Work in Great Britain, designates The General as "the champion of woman's place and work," and says:—

"The General keeps the fact ever to the front that women should have an equal opportunity with men to make the very best of their lives. Commissioner W. S. Oliphant, of Switzerland and Italy, who was for a time Private Secretary to The General, and thus had an opportunity of viewing him at close range, pays an eloquent tribute to him as "a manager of men." "It will not," he says, "have escaped the most unobservant of us that a wide knowledge of men and skill in the management of them are strong characteristics of The General. Together they form a great capital for The Salvation Army."

Concerning this side of our Leader, the Commissioner remarks:—

"Those who lived through those early struggles will witness with me that it is on these early foundations The Salvation Army rests to-day. Some of us will never forget our Founder's attitude when The General, as Chief of the Staff, without talking much of the ways and means which had been taken to keep this Officer from resignation, to prevent that upset in the East, to avert that threatened calamity in the West, to divert that incipient rebellion in some other part of the world, he would simply announce that the crisis was over. With face suffused with shining, his father would simply remark, 'Clever! Bramwell,' and then proceed happily to his next engagement."

"Among the things which have contributed to these remarkable qualities of our present Leader are, I think, the following: His inherent love for mankind and his wide knowledge of men, through personal contact and also through reading. His intense interest in human affairs. His polite manner. His unflinching respect for the individual, and determination amid the rough and tumble of The Army's progress, not to forget the personality and claims of others."

Never, perhaps, has the physical and educational well-being of Young People received such consideration by rulers of the State as in these days, and certain it is that no one has shown greater interest in the Young People of the Organization than The General. Commissioner T. M. McKie (Principal of the International Training College) writes thus:—

"I question whether there is any section of The Army's Work to which The General has given more time, keen interest, and devotion than the work of developing the character and capacity of the Young People of The Army, and the making of Officers. Whatever other designation may be given to him, I am sure he will go down in posterity as 'The Young People's General.'"

Perhaps the most-travelled Officer in The Salvation Army to-day is Commissioner John Lawley. As A.D.C. to both the late General and our present Leader, no one than he has better equip-

ment for describing The General "on the platform." He says:—

We have used the largest Halls that could be rented, yet most of them have been crowded from floor to ceiling, filled from platform to pavement, and are delighted to say The General has had wisdom given him of God to make the most of these vast opportunities. . . . I have heard him talk of the Great White Throne and the Judgment, until his hearers have felt that they are realities. I have heard him preach about hell and the sufferings of the damned until his audience has prayed that God would save them from going to that place of torment."

"His Gospel has been a wide one; it has covered the sins and sorrows and wounds of mankind; he has preached of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, with the result that I have seen tear-floods, heads bowed, lips quiver, hearts broken, rebels reconciled, prodigals come home, wanderers return, and sinners of all classes reconciled to God."

Not the least interesting paper in this symposium is that entitled "After Thirty-four Years," by Commissioner John A. Carleton Managing Director of The Salvation Army Assurance Society, Trustee of the Reliance Bank, Limited. He opens his paper with this candid confession:—

"Our present General was a young man when I first came under his leadership. I was his senior by eight years. I had received a good business training, and, to be quite frank, I came to him with some idea in my mind that my business experience would be a valuable asset to The Army, and that my addition to the Headquarters would bring to pass considerable improvements in its business arrangements."

"I have heard it said that the House of Commons is the best place in the world for taking the conceit out of a member who is unduly inflated with a sense of his own importance. My experience would lead me to conclude that the International Headquarters is equally efficacious in bringing down to his proper level the comrade who may be inclined to think more highly of himself than he ought to think. In any case, a few days were sufficient to show me that in Mr. Bramwell Booth I had a man who towered over me in ability and experience, and that he could, to use a colloquialism, make rings round me. The world-be teacher became a pupil, and, after thirty-four years, although I have learned many things, our relative positions remain the same."

It may be interesting to our friends to know the present position of The Salvation Army. On the 5th of July, 1865, the Founder of The Army stood alone on Mile End Waste. In the present year of grace, fifty years later, no fewer than 17,588 Officers and Cadets preach Christ and Him crucified, in sixty countries and colonies, nearly all over the habitable globe; and proclaim Salvation in thirty-nine languages.

The singing of The Salvation Army—and it was the late Dr. Talmage who said, "The Salvation Army will sing themselves all round the world"—is led by an army of over 29,367 Bandmen. Each issue of The Salvation Army Press that chronicles the doings of the Organization contains a total of 1,204,222 copies; while The Salvation Army's institutions for the poor and outcast can accommodate over 30,000 each night.

The Salvation Army has two hundred ways of serving the people, which range from Life-Saving Scouts and Guards to Midnight Drums and Brigades; from Free Meals to Famine Loan Funds; from Fresh-Air Camps to Leper Colonies, and from Hotels for war workers to Motor Ambulances and Red Cross Workers.

The Army's operations have special activities for the well-being of the Churchless masses; the Heavens; the Unemployed; the Starving; the Founders; the Homeless; the Drunkards; the Criminal; the Daughters of Shame; for National Service Men; the Sick; the Lost; the Protective Work for Young Girls; for Travelers; for the Deaf and Dumb; also Anti-Suicide Bureaux, Home Leagues, Children's Work, Land Schemes, Poor Men's Lawyers, Trade, Banks, and Assurance.

In connection with the foregoing phases of Salvation Army Work, 66,846 unpaid Local Officers are employed, with a large number of Salvationists without rank, who, out of love, labour for God and souls, and the social well-being of their fellow-men.

It will also be of interest to know that The

Salvation Army, in its Cheap Food Depots, supplies thirteen and a half million meals annually, and nearly eight million beds in its Shelters for homeless men and women. Up to the beginning of the war, The Salvation Army had two hundred Industrial Institutions for the unemployed, and during the year 1914 over 100,000 men were supplied with permanent and temporary work, and during the same period 92,000 situations were found for the unemployed in connection with The Army's Labour Bureaux.

The Army's Industrial Homes for women have accommodation for nearly four thousand, and the number who pass out as satisfactory cases last year numbered 6,664. Altogether, The Salvation Army has 1,257 Social Institutions, and the number of Officers and Cadets engaged in this branch of Christ-like work is 3,071.

According to the latest published statistics, the last annual Self-Denial Effort of The Salvation Army throughout the world resulted in \$1,102,077 being raised. A large proportion of this fund is devoted to the upkeep of the Missionary Work of The Salvation Army in heathen lands.

One of the great Missionary Fields of The Salvation Army is India and Ceylon, and some idea of the magnitude of the work carried on in the East may be gathered from the fact that we have in India 3,114 Corps and Outposts, 500 Schools, and 109 Social Institutions, operated by 3,184 Officers and employees, assisted by 4,419 Local, or unpaid, Officers. There are also other activities, such as three Hospitals, nine Dispensaries, sixteen Village Banks, and thirty-four Criminal Settlements.

The Army's operations were started in India about thirty-three years ago, and, to show how the Organization was regarded, the leader, then Major Tucker, was put into jail for a month. In 1913 a striking evidence of the change in opinion was shown when the list of honours on the King's Birthday showed that the Order of the Kaiser-Hind was conferred on Commissioner Booth-Tucker "for public service in India."

In Japan, where The Army is making splendid progress, the Emperor showed his appreciation by awarding to our leader the Order of the Rising Sun, and contributing \$1,500 to The Army's funds, and conferring a birthday honour on the Second in Command of The Army's forces for service rendered to the State. In the Dutch East Indies not only is a splendid work of bringing the natives to a saving knowledge of Christ being carried on—in the Celebes Island, a thousand natives declared their allegiance to Christ in one meeting—but the Government has sought the aid and counsel of The Army in many ways. The Leper Colonies in Java and Sumatra are accomplishing most useful work, while the medical work, in producing results little short of miraculous. Upwards of 130 patients are dealt with each day in connection with the William Booth Memorial Eye Hospital at Semarang.

All round the world-wide battle lines The Salvation Army, in the fifth year of its existence, is warring with a vigour and success that exceeds any other period. It is also breaking the lines of heathenism and sin, for during the year a pioneer party has invaded China, and, in a short time, a hundred Officers—Canada will be asked to furnish its quota—will be dispatched to help win the Celestial Empire for the King of kings.

How The Salvation Army is regarded in the land of its birth and other portions of the English-speaking world, may be inferred from the following extract of the cordial messages received by The General at the International Congress of June, 1915. His Majesty King George said:—

"I have, for many years, watched with deep interest your work for the people, especially for the less-fortunate citizens of the Empire. I think that work is carried on with great ability, and with much self-sacrifice and selfless zeal. I trust that it will go forward in all parts of the world, and that the blessing of God will continue to rest upon you."

The President of the United States of America, in a very sympathetic message, said:—

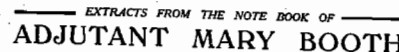
"I desire to give expression to my good-will towards the Organization, and to my recognition of the great good that has resulted from its evangelical and philanthropic work."

Making allowances for the ravages in The Army's ranks by the European war, the future of The Army was as bright as the sun as assured as now, for which we all thank God and take courage.

Christmas with the British Navy in the North Sea: The Captain Casting the Plans Deciding Many Newfoundland Salvagers are Saving with the United States Navy in the North Sea



With the B. E. F. in France



missariat is great! In fact, it makes to consider the huge quantities of red. We have seen motor lorries by rail, trainloads, and shiploads almost at all bearing supplies for the men. Well looked after. The Army Service

Twenty-seven years ago an old Army friend, then living in Sweden, emigrated to the United States, and for a number of years associated him-

When shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams across the sea?

Hyde to know how much we appreciate the comrades out here, in their kindly service providing the room and waiting on the table. The Officers were like parents to us, and I make our little party a huge success.

him. As the
ess at the hotel
to the Super-
tend. He had
me with him.
having sent
money for her.
the Superin-
aw, and a few
the attorney
ne boisterous,
osing game try
t importance?
(on Page 30)

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

A MALTESE ROMANCE



INTRODUCTORY

THE ISLAND OF MALTA, which is the scene of the major part of the incidents in this story, lies in the narrowest part of the Mediterranean Sea, half-way between Gibraltar and Port Said. Sixty miles to the north is the southern shore of Sicily, whose huge, snow-capped volcanic peak, Mount Etna, can dimly be discerned on a clear day. Malta, which is a very small dot on the map of the world, only measures seventeen miles in length by nine in breadth, having an area of ninety-five square miles. On this limited space is packed about one hundred and seventy thousand human beings, or 1,820 to the square mile; thus making Malta the most densely-populated country of Europe.

The people are intensely devoted to their land, and in spite of the fact that many thousands are living all the time on the edge of the direst poverty, those who are compelled to emigrate do so with the greatest reluctance. In fact, it is related that a party once reached a foreign shore, but when a certain festa day came round, they so missed the usual holiday with its accompaniment of religious processions, and fireworks, that they laid down their tools and took the next boat for home—though they were earning what the average Maltese would consider fabulous wages.

With insular pride, the Maltese refer to their island home as "The Flower of the World" and "The Gem of the Mediterranean." Of course, never having seen any other country, they may be pardoned for entertaining such high notions of it. The visitor is not to be impressed, however, at first sight is apt to come to the conclusion that "Britain's dust heap," as some facetious was once dubbed it, more fitly describes the place. The truth, perhaps, lies between these two extremes.

In features and complexion the Maltese somewhat resemble the southern Italians. Their language is a mixture of Arabic and Italian. In religion the Maltese are, almost without exception, devout Roman Catholics, and the gorgeous Cathedrals and Churches and wayside shrines that can be seen everywhere testify eloquently to their attachment to their faith.

A large British garrison, consisting of some ten thousand men in times of peace, is constantly maintained on the island. The relations of the soldiers with the people are, on the whole, of the most friendly sort, though now and again misunderstandings occur and little individual quarrels take place. Occasionally most romantic courtships are carried on between the British Tommies and the pretty, dark-eyed Maltese maidens, ending up in many a soldier getting a very good wife. It is with a romance of this description that the greater part of our story has to do, and the fact that it does not end up in the conventional manner only serves to make it more interesting. The whole forms a stirring picture, in which jealousy, revenge, and treachery are the darker shades, while love, religion, and

the strong, disinterested friendship of a Salvationist are the highlights.

Having now sketched in our background, as it were, we will proceed to introduce the various characters. We will portray them no worse or no better than they really were; our aim being to present a picture true to life. If, as Alexander Pone has said, the proper study of mankind is man, then the following story will be full of interest and instruction to those who read.

CHAPTER I.

TWO SOLDIER LADS.

GUNNER GEORGE STANTON, of the Royal Artillery, was sitting on the edge of his cot in his room, when Gunner Joe Brown, his particular chum, came into the room.

"Hello, George!" called out the latter cheerily, "more letters from the Homeland, eh? You seem to get plenty of them, old chap. What a voluminous correspondent you must be. Say, d'ye know, it makes me feel quite lonesome to see you getting such a mail every week. I wish I had some one to write to me."

"Well, it's your own fault that they don't, you scallywag," replied George, with a laugh. "Just you let certain folks know where you are, and see how quick a whole batch of correspondence would reach you."

Joe's face clouded for an instant. "Say no more, George," he said. "You know it's a painful subject for me. I'd give a whole lot if I only dared to let my people know my whereabouts, but, still, what's done is done, and it can't be helped; so I'm not going to make myself miserable by brooding over what might have been. Say, what I came around to see you about was whether you are going into La Vallette this afternoon to see the Carnival. The natives have a high old time, I understand, and there's music, dancing, and fun galore, with a grand fireworks display as a finale. L's it good and have a jolly time."

"I'm with you, pard," replied George. "Look here, the pater sent me a five-pound note as a little birthday present to buy some luxuries for myself, he says in his letter. I'm going to get some of those Maltese novelties we were looking at the other day, though, and send them home to mother and the girls. They'll be delighted with 'em, and we'll have an interesting hour or so in making the bargains with these funny old shopkeepers. Look sharp, and get ready, Joe!"

He pulled down his belt from its peg and commenced to polish the buckle. Little Joe hurried off to make similar preparations.

And now, perhaps, it is time to find out to let them know what characters to our readers.

George Stanton was a young fellow about twenty years of age, a tall, handsome, fresh-complexioned Englishman. He was the only son of well-to-do parents, living in one of the large towns of the English Midlands, and his enlistment had been a bitter blow to them. His father had planned a business career for George, and was watching his progress with considerable satisfaction, when his hopes were dashed to the ground by the receipt of a telegram containing the news that his son had gone for to be a soldier. The frantic father hurried to the recruiting depot and offered to buy his son's discharge, but George said it was useless to do that, as he would only go away to another part of the country and enlist in some other regiment.

"This will break your mother's heart, my boy," said Stanton Senior, in a last attempt to persuade his son to abandon military life.

"I'm sorry, dad," was the reply; "but my mind is firmly made up. Tell mother that a military career is far more likely to make a real man of me than a sedentary office life is. I'll try to be a credit to you and win promotion, and, perhaps, after all, you won't regret that I gave seven years of my life to the service of my country for the honour of the old flag."

"Aye, you've struck the right note there, lad."

"Hello, George!" called out the latter cheerily, "more letters from the Homeland, eh? You seem to get plenty of them, old chap. What a voluminous correspondent you must be. Say, d'ye know, it makes me feel quite lonesome to see you getting such a mail every week. I wish I had some one to write to me."

"Well, it's your own fault that they don't, you scallywag," replied George, with a laugh. "Just you let certain folks know where you are, and see how quick a whole batch of correspondence would reach you."

Joe's face clouded for an instant. "Say no more, George," he said. "You know it's a painful subject for me. I'd give a whole lot if I only dared to let my people know my whereabouts, but, still, what's done is done, and it can't be helped; so I'm not going to make myself miserable by brooding over what might have been. Say, what I came around to see you about was whether you are going into La Vallette this afternoon to see the Carnival. The natives have a high old time, I understand, and there's music, dancing, and fun galore, with a grand fireworks display as a finale. L's it good and have a jolly time."

"I'm with you, pard," replied George. "Look here, the pater sent me a five-pound note as a little birthday present to buy some luxuries for myself, he says in his letter. I'm going to get some of those Maltese novelties we were looking at the other day, though, and send them home to mother and the girls. They'll be delighted with 'em, and we'll have an interesting hour or so in making the bargains with these funny old shopkeepers. Look sharp, and get ready, Joe!"

He pulled down his belt from its peg and commenced to polish the buckle. Little Joe hurried off to make similar preparations.

And now, perhaps, it is time to find out to let them know what characters to our readers.

"Gunner Brown came into the room"

THE CANADIAN CHRISTMAS WAR CRAY—Dec. 23, 1916

replied the father. "For the honour of the old flag! Some one has to fight Britain's battles, and if my son feels the call, why should I try to hold him back. I have no more to say, George, my son; go and do your duty, and in upholding the honour of the good old Union Jack, whether in peace or war."

Whereupon father and son parted, not in anger, but with high hope on George's part, and with patient resignation to the inevitable, coupled with a secret pride that his boy was showing a manly spirit, on the part of his sire.

The real, and only reason for George's going had taken was given in his answer to his father. Love of adventure was strong within him; he had a desire to travel, to see life, to mix with all sorts and conditions of men, and the career of a soldier seemed to him to meet all these longings. Office life became more and more distasteful to him every day, and finally he made up his mind to seek the life he preferred. And, after all, in doing so, he was only following the instincts of the British race, which has ever been distinguished for its venturesomeness. Where would our Empire be to-day if Britifers had not gone forth as pioneers, explorers, traders, and missionaries to all parts of the globe, carrying with them civilizing and Christian influences?

Thus George became a gunner in the Royal Artillery, and he had learned his recruit drills, was drafted out to Malta to do garrison duty.

Joe Brown was a member of the same draft, and it was on the troopship that conveyed them to Malta that he and George struck up an acquaintance. The two young men soon discovered in each other a kindred spirit; both were cultured and well-read above the ordinary run of the enlisted man; both had similar tastes and dispositions; and thus it was but natural that they became bosom friends. Little by little, as they chatted over their duties, George got to know the past history of Joe Brown, and many an hour passed pleasantly as he listened to the tales of the strange tales told by the latter. For Joe, though only a few years the senior of George, had managed to stow his life full of adventures such as most people only read about, and as he had a most fascinating way of relating his experiences, he was a most agreeable and entertaining companion.

He was an American by birth: a native of the State of West Virginia. His father, a veteran of the Civil War and moderately wealthy, had given Joe a liberal education, with the view of making him an officer in the United States cavalry. Young Joe got into serious trouble at college, however, reckoned he had disgraced the family, and so ran away and enlisted as a private in one of Uncle Sam's infantry regiments. He was sent to a lonely fort in Dakota, miles away from civilization, where the monotony of the life made him so unutterably sick of soldiering under such conditions that he made up his mind to desert. Though it was in the dead of winter and the snow lay deep on the prairies, and the cold was bitterly piercing, he started out one night for the Canadian border, braving the dangers of blizzards, wolves, exhaustion, and freezing. A story of how he successfully overcame them all and finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut, was one that George was never tired of listening to, for at each retelling Joe recollected fresh details that he had overlooked before.

In Canada he wandered from place to place, working in the mines of British Columbia, on the railways of the West, in the lumber woods of Northern Ontario, on the Great Lake freighters as a deckhand, and in various cities as a teamster, bartender, labourer, or anything that came his way. Finally he worked his way across the Atlantic on a cattleboat and enlisted in the British Army. For over five years he had held no communication with his folks at home, being ashamed, he said, to let them know that he was branded as a deserter and thus practically an outcast from his native land.

"No doubt they think me dead," he said sometimes say to George in a somewhat bitter tone; "but praps it's better so. My poor old dad often used to tell me he'd sooner see a son of his dead than a deserter. And beyond that, he'd tell me I've dishonoured old Glory by deserting from it. Very strict notions of honour some of the old Civil War veterans have, you know. Pity their sons don't follow in their footsteps, ain't it? If this battery ever goes on active service, though, I'll try hard to make the old dad proud of his boy yet." And when Joe would speak thus, George often noticed that his eyes grew moist.

Having now given a brief outline of the careers of these two young soldiers up to the time our story opens, we will proceed to give a description of the events on the day they went to the Carnival in La Vallette.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE CARNIVAL

THE CITY OF VALLETTA is the capital of the island of Malta. It is built on a rocky promontory which divides one of the finest har-

The Auberges, or places of residence of the knights still remain in an excellent condition; their names indicating the nationality of those who formerly lodged there. Thus there is the Auberge d'Italie, Auberge d'Argonne, Auberge de France, and, most famous of all, the Auberge de Castille, where the haughty Knights of Spain once held high revel.

In the Museum at the Governor's Palace are many interesting relics of the terrible siege of the city endured in the sixteenth century, when forty thousand Turks best it night and day for two months. After losing three-fourths of his force, the Turkish Commander gave up the attempt to capture the city. Of the gallant knights, however, who so stubbornly defended their possessions, only six hundred remained capable of bearing arms.

An old carriage once used by Napoleon Bonaparte reminds one of the French occupation. The power of the knights had sadly declined when the famous Corsican appeared on the scene, and he took the city without a struggle. Three months after his departure, during the garrison of six thousand he had left in Valletta was besieged by the Maltese, aided by a force of English. At the end of two years the French commander capitulated. The incessant combats, no fewer than twenty thousand Maltese perished. When the Napoleonic wars ended, Malta was ceded to Britain.

"... And England's pennon now Waves proudly o'er St. Elmo's castle brow."

These little glimpses into the past will serve to show our readers what a very interesting old city Valletta is. As may be imagined, the city is a most interesting and old-fashioned young men such as George Stanton and Joe Brown, were quite fascinated with all they saw and heard in such a place, and most of their spare time was occupied in exploring its nooks and crannies and mingling with the cosmopolitan crowds on the streets.

Now, once a year, it is the fashion in Malta to hold a great Carnival, the previous to the Lenten season. The streets are gaily decorated with banners and streamers; fairy lamps are strung in long lines, and the people are to be seen everywhere at Carnival time, throwing confetti and sweets around the passer-by and often surrounding some unfortunate victim and belabouring him with tambourines and specially-contrived flappers. If he is sensible he takes to his heels, but were to halt if he loses his temper and tries to retaliate. He is bundled unceremoniously into the dust, and the laughing, mischievous gang goes on to seek other victims.

It is a time of wild excitement, of childish horse-play; a period of unrestrained frolic and fun, when liberties are taken that would not be thought of at any other time. In the past, it is true, as we have described came, George and Joe, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the merriment was at its height. It was with difficulty that they pushed their way down Strada Reale to the place that was thronged with the revelers. Thousands of people from the many towns in the immediate vicinity, as well as numbers of country folk, had assembled in the capital on that day—which apparently was the great day of the feast. The majority of the women were dressed in the national costume, the distinguishing feature of which is the black headdress, black boots, arched over the head with a strip of whalebone and falling to the waist. Many were decked out in gay colours, however, and here and there one could see a little girl dressed in the styles of Paris and London.

The men were also out in their very Sunday best, the marked features of their costume being the peculiarly shaped soft felt hats, the gorgeous waistcoats, and the yards and yards of waistband which did duty instead of braces. Numbers of priests were also conspicuous in their gorgeous black gowns and broad-brimmed hats; while the bright red coats and white hel-

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

hours of the world into two parts. The original intention of the builders of the city was to level off this promontory, but as they were constantly exposed to attacks from the Turks, then the most dreaded power in the Mediterranean, they had to abandon the idea and build as best they could on the steep hillsides, while devoting their chief efforts to the erection of massive fortifications rising sheer from the sea to a height of two hundred feet or more. Thus we find that there is only one level street of any length in the whole city—Strada Reale, which runs along the top of the mountain. All the side streets, sloping sharply down to the water on either side, are simply long flights of steps.

Everything in this medieval city reminds one of the past. In fact, it may be said to be a monument to its former greatness. In the newer cities of the world, say, in Western Canada, one is made to feel that everyone looks forward to the future as a time of greater development and prosperity. In Valletta one talks of the glorious days of old, when the Knights of St. John held sway, and when the chivalry of Europe congregated there to take part in driving back the infidel.

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

ments of the British infantrymen, the blue and gold tunics of the artillerymen, and the round caps and blue jumpers of numerous jolly Jack Tars, served to complete this moving mosaic of life and colour.

In the great square before the Governor's Palace a lively dance was in progress. Scores of youths and maidens, holding each others' hands, were skipping about in a huge circle to the quick music of a band, very much after the fashion of children playing "Here we go round the mulberry bush." It was a scene of innocent merriment, and George and Joe looked on for a long while in genuine enjoyment at seeing others so happy.

"It reminds me of things I've read about concerning the old-time May Day Festival in Merry England," said George.

"That so?" said Joe. "Well, I was just thinking that it was a similar sort of affair to a darkies' holiday down in the Southern States. These darkies here know how to enjoy themselves, don't they? 'Pon my word, the jollity is really infectious, and I'd join in the dance myself if it wasn't for the danger of hurting the susceptibilities of our Maltese friends. If I went and took hold of that pretty little Signora's hand over there, for instance, no doubt some swartzy Antonio would consider it an unwarranted intrusion of a foreigner, and stick me in the ribs with his knife."

"Yes, and the old Provost Sergeant over there would quickly have you marched off to the Main Guard," said George. "It doesn't do for British soldiers to get too free with the native population of any place. If they do they are ground between the upper and nether millstones of popular resentment and official strictness."

"Quite right, too," said Joe. "I can well understand that. If now, for instance, the United States was conquered by some other nation and foreign garrisons were planted in our cities, I think of what a hullabaloo I should raise if a strange soldier tried to kiss my sister."

"I can imagine that there'd be a lively scrap," said George.

"You can let your bottom dollar on that!" was Joe's reply.

A few hours later an incident occurred which singularly illustrated the fact that George had stated, namely, that it is a very unwise thing for British troops to get too familiar with the natives, when on foreign service.

The next instalment of this story will describe how George defended a Maltese girl from insult and incurred the enmity of Corporal Smith.]

ALONE IN A BIG CITY

(Continued from Page 22)

a lawyer play the game of bluff when he has nothing to play it with? If so, then you saw this self-important individual pacing up and down the room in vain effort to overcome his chagrin at being beaten at every turn by a woman, and that after coming hundreds of miles to accomplish his mission.

The Superintendent quietly told him to return to his hotel, and she would give him her answer at six o'clock, after consulting the matter with Winnie. This gave her time to consult the moral department again. They advised by all means, not to let Winnie return with him. That in all likelihood his intention was to take her to some secret place beyond the reach of State officials. They also advised to communicate with the proper authorities and have them come for her.

During her absence the lawyer got busy and got in touch with Winnie over the telephone and persuaded her to return with him. This she communicated to the Superintendent on her return from the department. She replied—

"Yes, Winnie, you are going back, not with this man. Remember, you are a very material witness against, not for, this man's client. They want you for no good. When you return it will be with the proper authorities, but not with this man."

The Superintendent then called up the lawyer and told him her decision. He showed independence, then fury, then rage. He said he was Winnie's friend and wanted to help her. In proof of this he had left money for her at the hotel which she or the Superintendent could get at any time. Later investigation proved that \$10 had been left to be delivered on condition that Winnie accompanied the Superintendent and produced a railway ticket for her return home.

A few days later a State Officer came for Winnie, and she returned to Buffalo with him, where she remained in his care until the proper time for her appearance in court at Shenston.

Here she was quite beyond the reach of Watson and his emissaries.

In the meantime, Watson's attorney, realizing the helplessness of his case, and the utter folly of fighting it, advised his client to throw himself on the mercy of the court and plead guilty. This he did, with the result that Winnie was not called as a witness, and he was sentenced to one year and a day's imprisonment and fined two thousand five hundred dollars.

Just one month from the day Winnie peered through the window of the Chicago Flyer, taking the last look at her little home town, she alighted at the depot—a changed girl. With a big, strong, determined, and resolute heart backing a purpose to champion the right and live down the stigma of the past, she was prepared to meet her friends. And they greeted and welcomed her.

Frequent letters from Winnie bear indisputable testimony of the appreciation of the Superintendent's efforts in her behalf, and of the keeping and sustaining grace to which she was directed, and which is such a monument of strength to her in her colossal fight against the stigma of which she is but the innocent victim. Virginia Parr in the "Toronto Sunday World."

SALVATION ARMY CHAPLAINS WITH THE C. E. F. OVERSEAS

(Continued from Page 9)

the other men, have had very little time for service, except when on leave, and have from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of them are Old Country boys, they like to go and help in the old home Corps. I am attached to a camp where the training has been very hard for the men. Practically, it has been a matter of night and day work. We have sent thousands away in drafts, and recently we sent over a whole division of twenty thousand men. But in spite of the hard training, we have had some good spiritual times, and souls have been won for God."

"We are now busy getting ready for the new division, and I am pleased to say we have had a splendid start. Thousands of men have already arrived, and yesterday (Sunday, Aug. 20th) was a great day. In the morning I presided a splendid congregation; in the afternoon a welcome tea was provided for Salvation Army men. After tea I gave an address to our own men and others, and being careful where they go and the avoiding of temptations that many have fallen into. At 6.30 we had a Salvation Army meeting, with a full Hall, and four men seeking Christ."

"To-day I attended a Chaplains' Council at 10.30 a.m., where was discussed matter with reference to the best plan for getting at the men. After the meeting was over I arranged with Sergeant Carroll of the Six Band (the Adjutant has three sons with the colours) to give an afternoon Musical Festival at the hospital for the sick and wounded—there being three convoys of the latter brought here recently. It was a wonderful and pathetic sight. Some of the men were on crutches, others on beds, or in Bath chairs. A number of nurses and doctors enjoyed what they called a 'treat'. I also gave each wounded soldier a bar of good toffee, which they appreciated very much. To-night I have a prayer meeting in my room, but I am afraid, after last night's service, we shall need a bigger one."

Captain Charles Kimmins has been a Chaplain since May, 1915, during which time he has been stationed at the following camps: Niagara-on-the-Lake, Exhibition Camp (Toronto), and Camp Borden. It is probable that by the time this appears in print he, too, will be overseas; but at the time of writing the Captain is at Camp Borden, attached to the Divisional Headquarters as Assistant Camp Chaplain.

On Sunday morning the Captain assists at the official Church Parade, after which he conducts a Holy Communion service with those of the three hundred Salvationists who are in the camp. If the Army had a separate service the Captain says that fifteen hundred Salvationists and Adherents would be mustered. These meetings are a great inspiration to the Salvationist soldiers. In the afternoon he conducts a service with the inmates of the military prison; and later in the afternoon and evening open-air meetings are held; also one during the week. Meetings, of course, have to be adjusted to the routine and duties of the camp; but in various ways the Salvationists keep the dear old Red, Yellow, and Blue floating in the breeze. Captain Kimmins is very well thought of by the officers and the men, and is doing a very useful and necessary work.

CHRIST THE ENNOBLER

(Continued from Page 10)

absence and the black eye, so that he should not expose the conduct of his parents, and whose only concern was that the Sergeant should not think that he himself had fallen from grace and dishonoured his Christ. The love of Christ constrained him to forgive and to nobly absolve those who had done him wrong.

Or the converted burglar, who, one Sunday evening, while he was at an Army meeting, had his own house burgled and his valuables cleaned out. There were circumstances about the case which made it necessary that the police should be informed of the robbery, and the house-breaker was in consequence arrested. While the prisoner was in jail on remand our converted criminal paid him a visit. They found a way to each other's confidence, and the prisoner under the influence of the grace to which he was directed, and which was he who had robbed the ex-burglar's home.

The prisoner had been a petty officer in the Royal Navy and had left the service with a fine record and a substantial pension, but drink separated him from his wife, his home, his pension, and his character, and he had become so desperate that he had taken to crime.

The ex-criminal told his own story and what Christ had done for him, with the result that the prisoner desired to experience the same change, and together in the cell they knelt in prayer, and the saved burglar besought Christ to pardon the penitent thief.

The prisoner was convicted and sent to prison for twelve months, but the ex-burglar kept in close touch with him, and got The Salvation Army interested in the case, with the result that he is now a follower of Christ, is re-united to his wife and family; the Admiralty has restored to him his pension, and he is one of the happiest of men.

It was Christ Who inspired the ex-burglar to his nobility of conduct.

Reader, whether you be on the tented field, in the muddy trench, or on the ship's deck, whether in the humdrum workshop, or enduring the carking cares and domestic worries of the home, Christ the Ennobler can inspire you and give you grace to do noble deeds. They may never appear in the newspapers on earth, but they will be recorded in Heaven.

Also remember this—

The Sacred Cave of the Nativity was once the abode of cattle.

The Cross—now the badge of honour—was once the emblem of shame.

That St. Paul, glorious martyr and shining saint, was once regarded as a pestilent fellow.

That the Founder of The Salvation Army, mourned by a world, was once reviled of men.

That Christ, now sitting at the right hand of God, was numbered among the transgressors and crucified between thieves.

That all who will lively Godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution.

So don't worry if the marching is heavy going, the narrow path will lead you to victory.

Don't give up if the Cross breaks the skin on your shoulder. It will become a badge of glory you by and by.

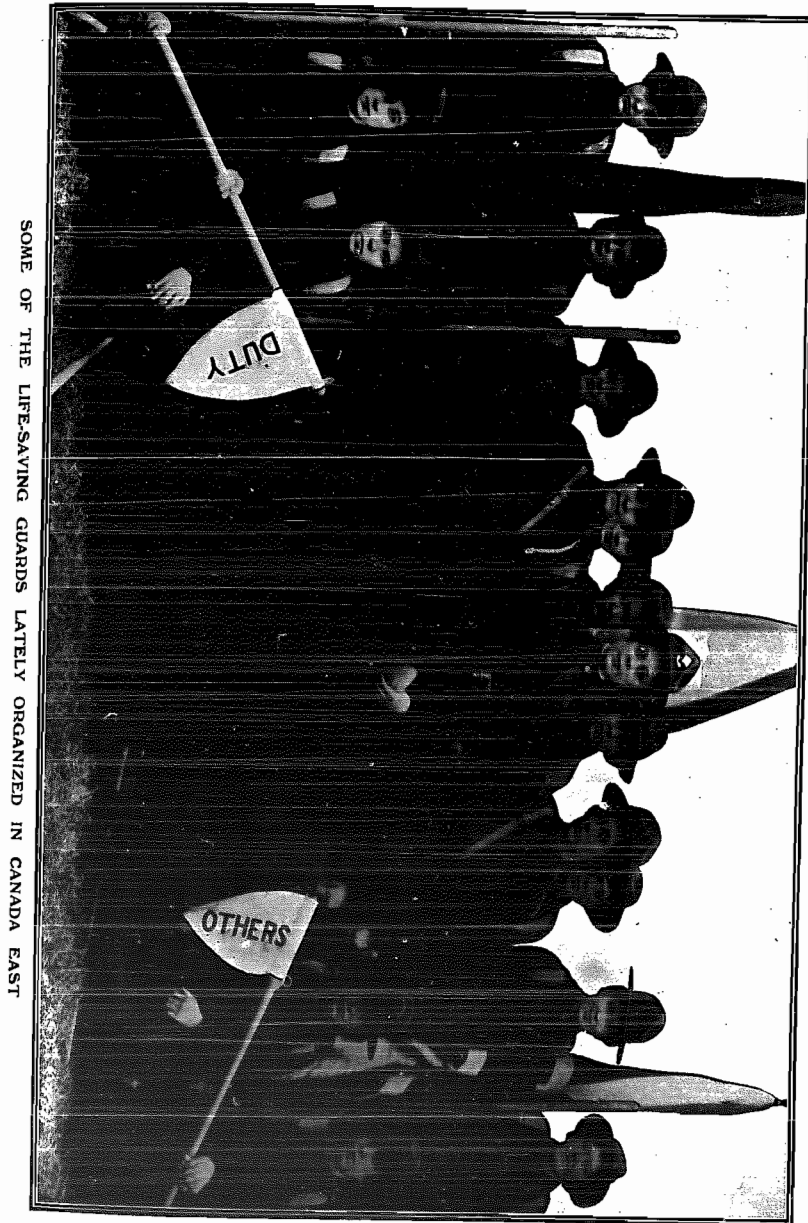
Don't forget that: "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." Hallelujah!

A happy Christmas to all and let us, like the Wise Men of old, give gifts to the Christ King—the gift of our whole affection.

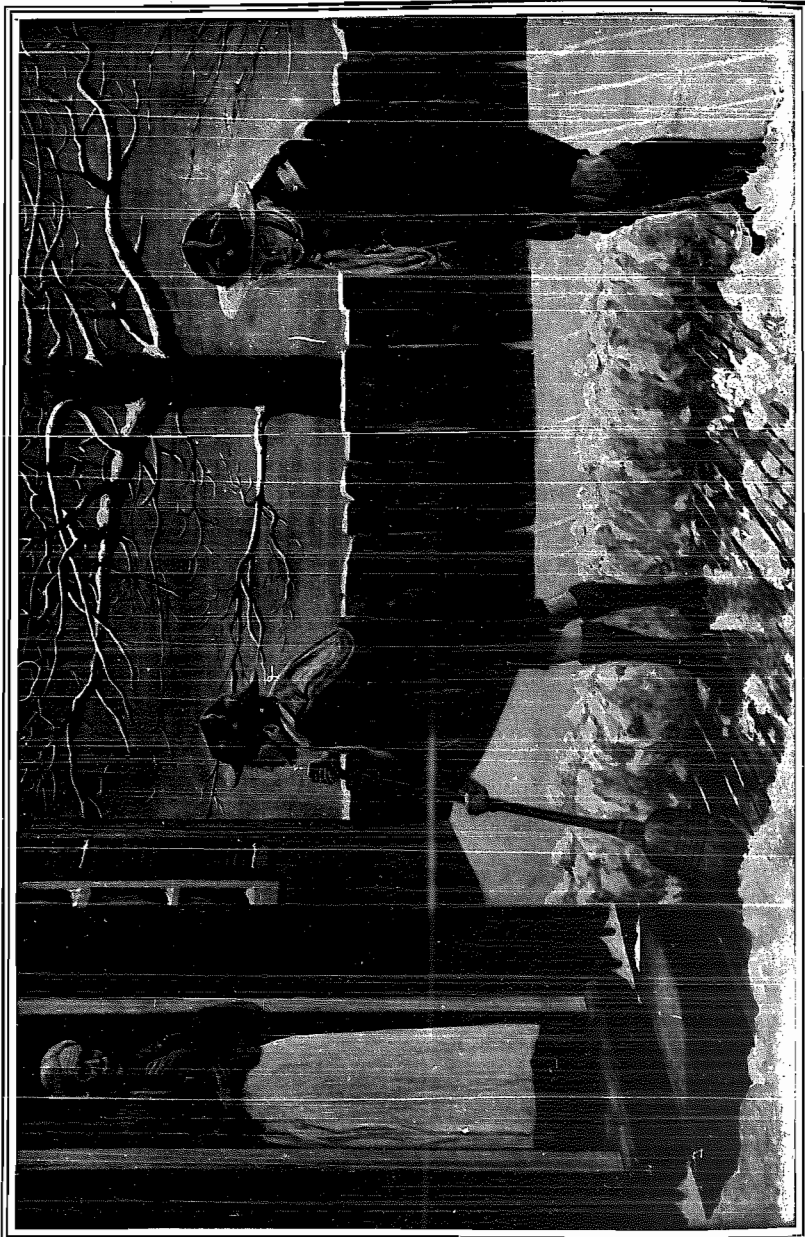
THE BRITISH TOMMY AND THE FRENCH LANGUAGE

The Tommies are very proud of their French, says Adjutant Mary Boudin, and it is great fun to hear them struggling at it. The other day one was trying it on us, and I was doing my best to keep a straight face, when his mate brought him up sharply by saying, "They're English, you fool!" One dear fellow in a shop wanted some eggs, and managed to make his needs known, much to the amusement of the other customers, by imitating a cock crowing! The company at our "villa," the Headquarters, are making good progress in the language, although they do not have much time to study.

I feel very interested in the French people, and wish we had a Corps near them. Their soldiers look so picturesque in their red trousers and blue coats; some have a very pale blue uniform; keep the dear old Red, Yellow, and Blue floating in the breeze. Captain Kimmins is very well thought of by the officers and the men, and is doing a very useful and necessary work.



SOME OF THE LIFESAVING GUARDS LATELY ORGANIZED IN CANADA EAST



A "GOOD TURN"

It is a fixed custom with the Life-Saving Scouts and Guards that each member must do one "good turn" to some person every day. In our picture a couple of Scouts are clearing away the snow from the entrance to a building. The Scouts have recently been inaugurated, and a making good roadway both in the Canada, East and West Territories.